

BRITAIN'S
GREATEST
HERO!

A
PAUL GRIST
COMIC!

image

16

\$3.50

Jack Staff



★ FEATURING ★
CASTLETOWNS
CAST-IRON
CHAMPION!

TOMTOM

THE ROBOT MAN

Jack Staff



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Today's one of those Stuck Indoors Waiting For the FedEx kind of days. "The courier will be with you some time between 9 and 3". So that's me housebound for the next six hours.

Tick Tock

FLAG WAVING

Tick Tock

No Burglar Bill strip this month. Sorry, it's my fault. You can blame it on the dreaded deadline doom. Or the boogie. In the meantime there's another chance to enjoy a favourite strip (well I like it) featuring the ever popular Police Constable Kelvin Flats. Regular service will resume next time.

Tick Tock

Back issues of the earlier issues of Burglar Bill (and Jack Staff) are available direct from me if you missed out on them first time round. Email me for the full details!

Tick Tock

I was in the local Waterstones the other day, browsing the Graphic Novel shelves. Yes, I was looking for my books, if you must know, but I think they must have sold out...

What I did see was a copy of Neil Gaiman's Eternals, collecting the 6 (or 7) issue series from last year from Marvel. That's how it was titled, Neil Gaiman's Eternals. Big block letters. Now I understand Neil is a Name Writer so it makes sense to emphasise his name on the cover. That's OK. No problem with that. But Neil Gaiman's Eternals? No, sorry, that's just wrong. Neil wrote it, but surely if it belongs to anybody, it belongs to Jack Kirby? Credit where credit's due guys!

Tick Tock

I'm not having a go at Neil by the way, I'm sure that wasn't his idea.

Tick Tock

Okay, it's 10 to 3 and there's the door bell.

See you next time

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WELCOME TO GALTON
COTTAGE, 24 SIMPSON
LANE, CASTLETOWN.

ALBERT
...

BRAMBLE & SON VAMPIRE HUNTERS

HOME TO ALBERT AND HAROLD
BRAMBLE, RAG AND BONE
MERCHANTS.

DAYLIGHT
HOURS ONLY.

YEAH?

WHAT'S
ALL THE
SHOUTING
ABOUT?

I THINK
YOU NEED
YOUR EARS
SYRINGING
AGAIN.

I'M
NOT
CALLING
YOU.

YES YOU
WERE,
I

WHAT?

WHAT'S
HAPPENED
HERE?
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?

IT'S
CALLED
CLEANING
...

I
WOULDN'T
EXPECT
YOU TO
UNDER
STAND.

SNIFF
SNIFF

SMELLS
LIKE A
TART'S
BOUDOIR
IN HERE
...

YOU'VE
GOT A
BIRD
COMING
ROUND,
'AVEN'T
YOU?



WHAT
IF I
HAVE?

WHAT
IS IT TO
YOU?



IT'S THAT
BURDOCK
WOMAN
ISN'T IT?

MAYBE.
MAYBE
NOT.

IT'S
ALWAYS
THAT **BURDOCK**
WOMAN
WITH YOU.

SHE'S A
FRIEND.

SHE'S A BLOOD SUCKING
VAMPIRE DEMON MONSTER
AND THAT'S **ALL** SHE'LL EVER BE

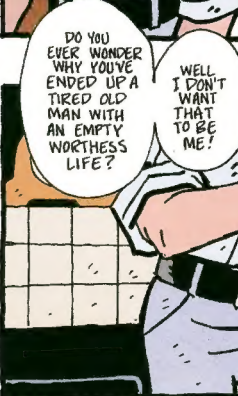
SHE'S
JUST LIKE
ALL THE
REST OF
'EM.



VAMPIRES
IS VAMPIRES
IS VAMPIRES!

THAT'S
ALL IT
EVER WILL
BE. THAT'S
ALL IT
EVER CAN
BE!

YEAH, THAT'S YOUR
ANSWER TO
EVERYTHING
ISN'T IT? IT'S
ALWAYS HATE
AND KILLING
WITH YOU!



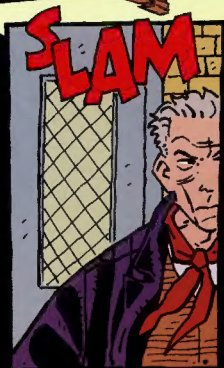
DO YOU
EVER WONDER
WHY YOU'VE
ENDED UP A
TIRED OLD
MAN WITH
AN EMPTY
WORTHLESS
LIFE?

WELL I DON'T
WANT
THAT
TO BE
ME!

I'M
TELLING
YOU THIS
FOR YOUR
OWN
GOOD!

I USED
TO THINK LIKE
YOU DID. I THOUGHT
THERE HAD TO
BE **MORE** THAN
HUNTING AND
SLAYING!

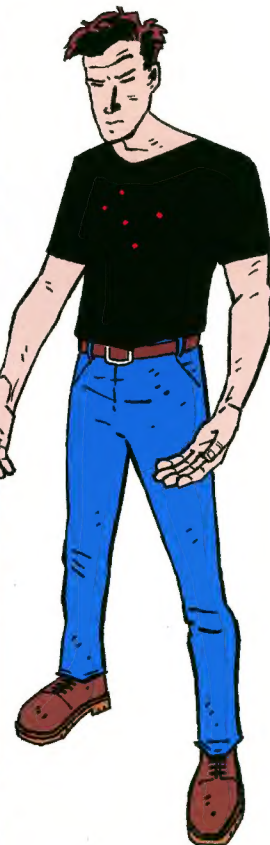
AND
I WAS
WRONG.

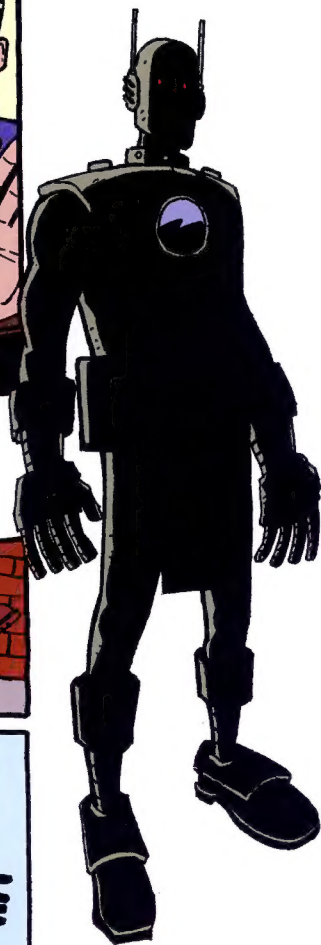
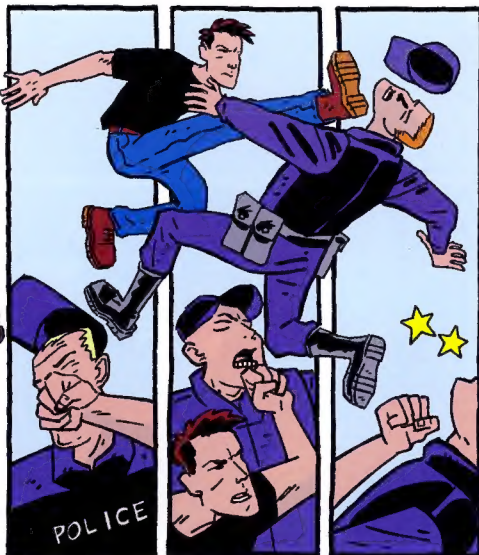
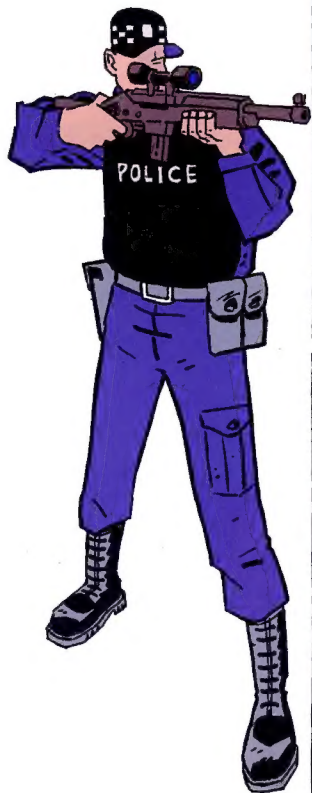


**JOHN
SMITH
BUILDER**



**DETECTIVE INSPECTOR
MAVERYK**





"NOW WE BRING IN
THE **BIG GUNS**."



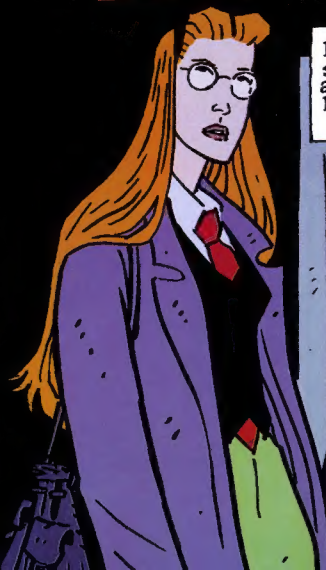
ALBERT BRAMBLE HUNTS
VAMPIRES. HE'S DONE
IT ALL HIS LIFE.

IT'S HIS WORLD.
IT'S ALL HE KNOWS.



AND WITH THAT SMILE
ALBERT BRAMBLES
WORLD SPLINTERS.

AND HE WONDERS IF
HE'LL EVER KNOW ANYTHING
AGAIN.



It's all wrong. All my
senses are screaming
at me. "RUN!" "GET AWAY!"
I guess it's an instinctive
fear of the hunter!



HAROLD.

Maybe it's just the
sound of BARRY MANILOW
singing MANDY in the
background.

THIS DOESN'T
COUNT
AS A
DATE.

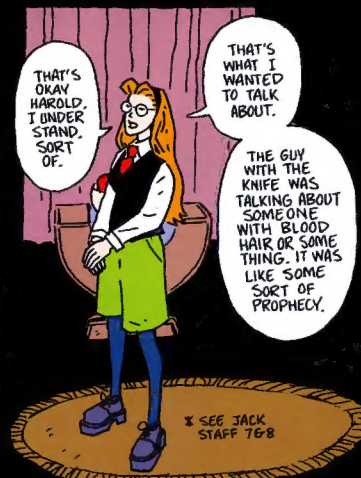


VAMPIRES & HUNTERS



LOOK
BECKY,
I JUST WANT
TO CLEAR
THE AIR
...

Y'KNOW,
ABOUT THAT
WHOLE
**VAMPIRE
SACRIFICE**
THING *

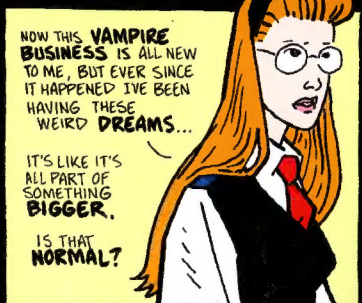


THAT'S
OKAY
HAROLD.
I UNDER
STAND.
SORT
OF.

THAT'S
WHAT I
WANTED
TO TALK
ABOUT.

THE GUY
WITH THE
KNIFE WAS
TALKING ABOUT
SOMEONE
WITH BLOOD
HAIR OR SOME
THING. IT WAS
LIKE SOME
SORT OF
PROPHECY.

* SEE JACK
STAFF 768



NOW THIS **VAMPIRE
BUSINESS**
IS ALL NEW
TO ME, BUT EVER SINCE
IT HAPPENED I'VE BEEN
HAVING THESE
WEIRD **DREAMS...**

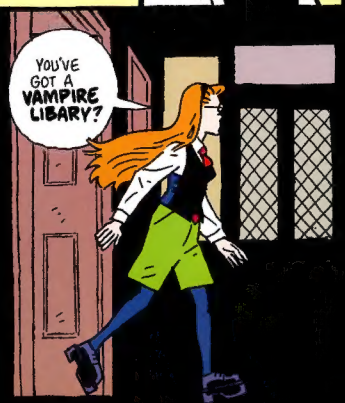
IT'S LIKE IT'S
ALL PART OF
SOMETHING
BIGGER.

IS THAT
NORMAL?



IF THIS IS ALL SOME
VAMPIRE PROPHECY
SHOULDN'T SOMEONE
HAVE TOLD **ME?**
YOU KNOW ABOUT
VAMPIRES, WHAT
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
PROPHECIES?

WELL WE TEND TO
SPECIALISE MORE
ON THE HUNTING AND
KILLING SIDE OF
THINGS REALLY. WE
CAN HAVE A LOOK IN
THE VAMPIRE LIBRARY.



YOU'VE
GOT A
**VAMPIRE
LIBRARY?**



IT'S A
COLLECTION
OF TEXTS
I'VE BEEN
STUDYING.

DON'T
TELL MY
DAD
THOUGH
...

HE
THINKS IT'S
DIRTY MAGS
I'VE GOT
DOWN
HERE.



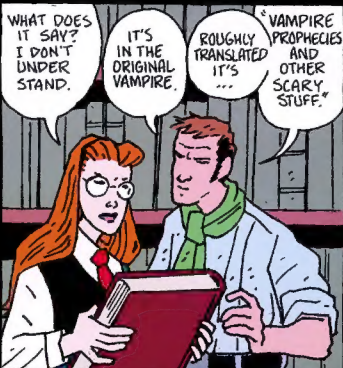


MMM LET'S SEE ...



YES, I THINK THIS MIGHT BE THE KIND OF THING YOU'RE AFTER.

IT'S A COLLECTION OF THE WRITINGS OF A VAMPIRE SEER CALLED CULA.

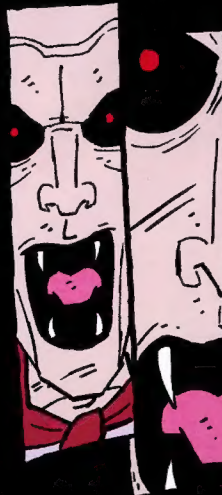


WHAT DOES IT SAY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

IT'S IN THE ORIGINAL VAMPIRE.

ROUGHLY TRANSLATED IT'S ...

"VAMPIRE PROPHECIES AND OTHER SCARY STUFF."



AND THEN IT'S OVER.



THE CREATURE WITH HIS FACE HAS GONE.

AND ALL ALBERT BRAMBLE IS LEFT WITH ARE QUESTIONS.

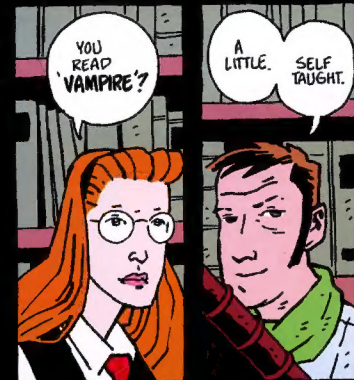
WHAT MANNER OF DEMON WAS THAT?

WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

WAS IT REAL OR JUST SOME NIGHT MARE VISION OF HIS OWN IMAGINING?

AND, IF IT HAS TRULY GONE...

WHY IS THE DOGGLY MOOGLY GNAWING IN THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH?



YOU READ 'VAMPIRE'?

A LITTLE. SELF TAUGHT.



I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THERE WAS A LANGUAGE.

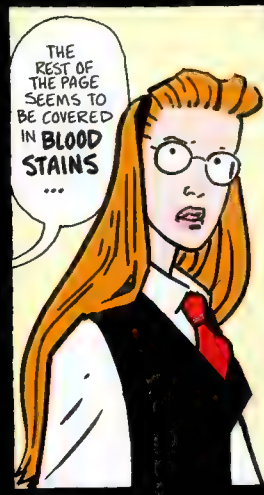
NOT MANY PEOPLE DO.

I MEAN THERE'S A WHOLE CULTURAL THING THERE, DANCE, POETRY - BUT PEOPLE CAN'T GET BEYOND THAT POINTY TEETH BLOOD SUCKING UNDEAD IMAGE.



DID YOU KNOW THEY HAVE SEVENTY THREE DIFFERENT WORDS FOR BLOOD?

REALLY? THAT'S OH USEFUL ...



DETECTIVE
INSPECTOR
MAVERYK.

WHAT
GIVES YOU
THE RIGHT
TO COME
AFTER
ME WITH
ARMED
POLICE?

ARMED
ROBBERY,
THAT'S
WHAT.

TOO
LATE TO
PLAY THE
INNOCENT
SMITH, IT'S
ALL ON THE
SECURITY
CAMERA.

WHAT?

THAT'S
THE SHOP
LOCAL, I
WAS THERE
EARLIER,*
YOU GOT
ME

BUT
THERE,
LOOK,
I'M
GONE!

WAIT!
THAT'S
NOT
RIGHT

THAT'S
NOT
WHAT
HAPPENED

JOHN
SMITH, I'M
ARRESTING
YOU FOR
ARMED
ROBBERY

YOU DO
NOT HAVE
TO SAY
ANYTHING,
BUT IT
MAY HARM
YOUR



TOM TOM

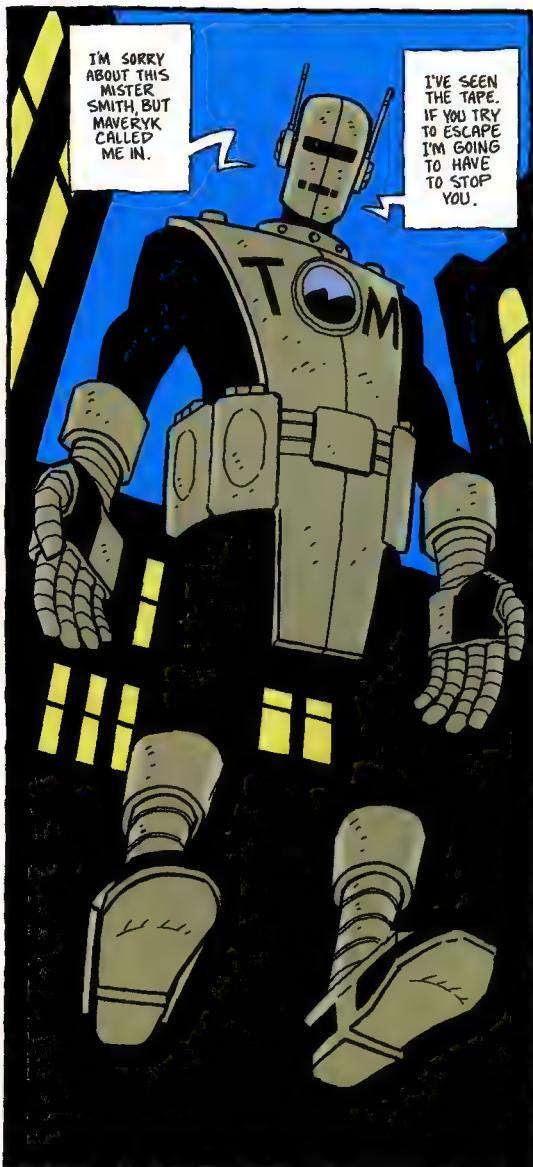
THE ROBOT MAN

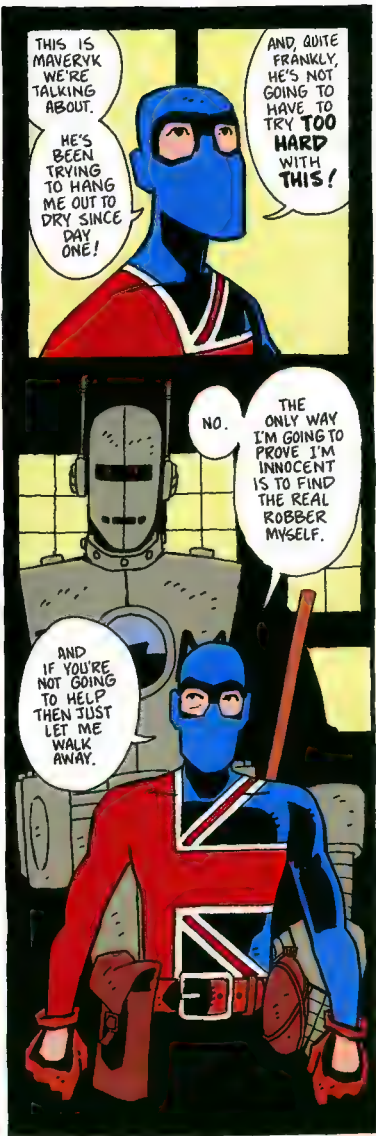
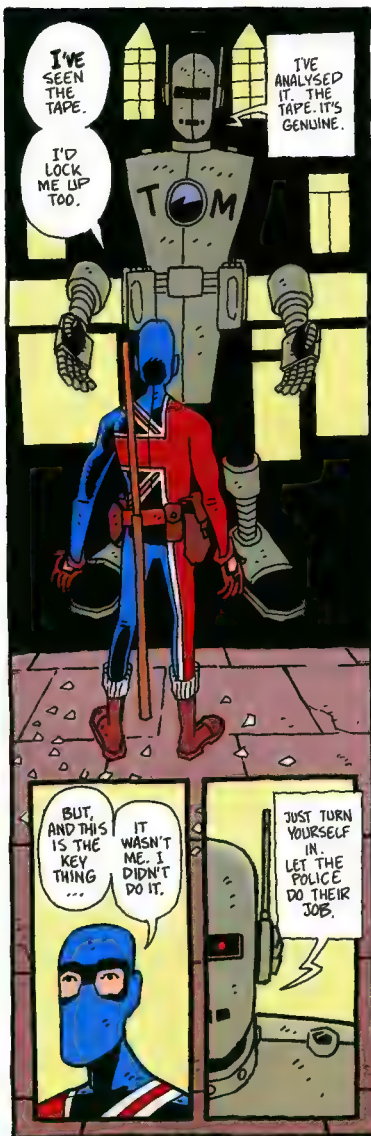
HELLO
TRISHA.

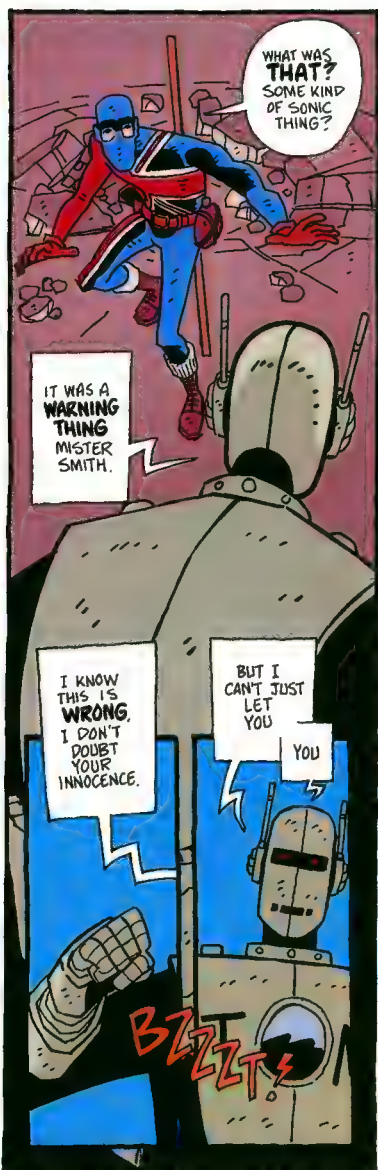


I'M SORRY
ABOUT THIS
MISTER
SMITH, BUT
MAVERICK
CALLED
ME IN.

I'VE SEEN
THE TAPE.
IF YOU TRY
TO ESCAPE
I'M GOING
TO HAVE
TO STOP
YOU.







WHAT WAS
THAT?
SOME KIND
OF SONIC
THING?

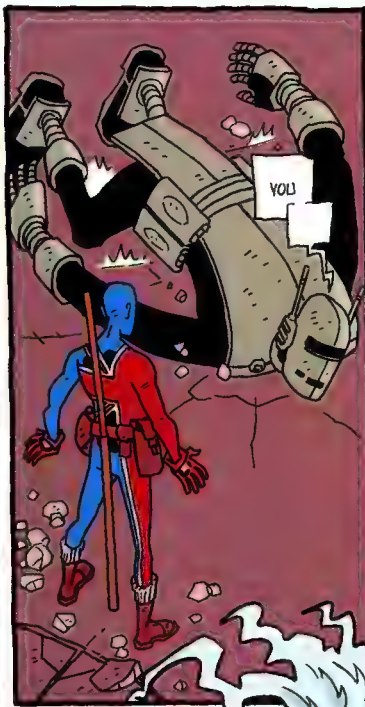
IT WAS A
WARNING
THING
MISTER
SMITH.

I KNOW
THIS IS
WRONG.
I DON'T
DOUBT
YOUR
INNOCENCE.

BUT I
CAN'T JUST
LET
YOU

YOU

BZZT
ZZT



KNOCK
KNOCK



ALRIGHT!
ALRIGHT!

BRAMBLE & SON

VAMPIRE HUNTERS



WELL?
DON'T
JUST STAND
THERE ON
CEREMONY
....

COME
IN IF
YOU'RE
STAYING!



YES.
I THINK
I SHALL..



OH.
IT'S
YOU.



KIND OF
UNDERMINES
THE DRAMATIC
EXIT WHEN
YOU FORGET
YOUR KEYS,
DOESN'T
IT?

SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY, DISAFFECTED YOUTH IS MAKING ITS MARK UPON SOCIETY'S WALL ...

... A SOLITARY SPRAY CAN CRY
AGAINST INJUSTICE AND INTOLERANCE.

KELVIN
FLATS

IS A

'ELLO
'ELLO
'ELLO

WHATS
GOING
ON
'ERE
THEN
LADDIE?

WHUZZ
AHT?

OH
BUGGA.

KELVIN FLATS
Police Constable 133

© 1994 PAUL GRIST

--ACES--
KELVIN
FLATS
IS ACES!
THATS ALL

AND
CHUMMY
IS
NICKED
-OK?

BUT
YOU CAN'T
ARREST
ME - I'M
ONLY
TWELVE!

WELL -
WE'LL FILL
IN THE FORMS
NOW - IT'LL
SAVE A BIT
OF TIME
LATER
ON, eh?

NAME?

WYBOURN.

SO
WHOS
YOUR
LUCKY
CHARM
CONSTABLE
STONE?

THIS IS
MISTER
FLOPSIE
WHOPPSIE
SARGE

FREE
LANCE
RABBIT.

HE WAS
CAUSING AN
AFFRAY AT
THE BIRTHDAY
PARTY OF
MEADOW AND
PAGE HALL.

SOME
'CHILDRENS
ENTERTAINER'
HE TURNS OUT
TO BE - MAKES
OBSCENE
'JOKES' AND
THEN BLOWS
RUDE ANIMALS
OUT OF
BALLOONS!

I THINK
THE MANS
DRUNK.

OF
COURSE
I'M
DRUNK.

D'Y
THINK I
COULD FACE
DOIN' THIS
DAY IN DAY
OUT IF I
WERE
SOBER?

...THIS
IS WHERE
THEY TAKE
BAD BUNNIES
SWEET
HEARTS.

WATCH
OUT!
THERE'S A
THIEF
ABOUT

LOCK
IT
OR
LOSE
IT

SOUTH
YORKSHIRE
POLICE

POLICE

WELL, I'LL LET YOU INTO A SECRET - ITS MY BIRTHDAY TODAY, AND D'YOU KNOW HOW OLD I AM? D'YOU? I'M FORTY THREE, FORTY THREE YEARS OLD. I SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN BOOKS, CLIMBED MOUNTAINS, ROMANCED BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, RIDDEN WILD HORSES... AND LOOK AT ME - PARTY TRICKS IN A BUNNY SUIT - I JUST CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE - I

BLOW US A BALLOON MISTER FLOPPSIE WHOPPSIE!



BUTT OUT PAL!

NUT!!

ANYONE ELSE WANT TO HAVE A GO?!!

EH? EH?

COME ON THEN - I'LL TAKE YOU ALL ON!



ALRIGHT
ALRIGHT
...

THERE'S
NO NEED
FOR THINGS
TO GET
OUT OF HAND
HERE...

NOBODY
HAS TO
GET
HURT
...

I'M NOT
GOING
TO HURT
ANY
ONE -

I
JUST
WANT
TO GET
OUT OF
HERE.
THAT'S
ALL.

THE RABBIT EDGES
NERVOUSLY TOWARDS
THE STATION DOORS

LITTLE REALISING THAT
POLICE CONSTABLE PENNY
STONES CAUSING WORDS

ARE NOT MEANT FOR
HIS FLOPPY EARS.

I'M SURE
WE CAN
SORT THIS
OUT
PEACEABLY
...

LET'S
JUST
KEEP
CALM

ALRIGHT
BUNNY
-YOU'RE
NICKED!

WAAH!
THE NASTY POLICEMAN
IS BEATING UP MISTER
FLOPPSIE
WHOPPSIE
!!!!



AS WYBOURN WALKS FROM THE STATION, KELVIN FLATS ALLOWS HIMSELF A SMALL SMILE OF SATISFACTION.



NOT FOR HIM THE LIBERAL LUXURY OF THE BLEEDING HEART.



NO - ITS THE SHORT SHARP SHOCK THAT SETS TODAYS YOUTH ON THE ROAD TO RECTITUDE.

...MISTER
FLOPPSIE
WHOPPSIE,
I'M CHARGING
YOU WITH
BEING DRUNK
AND DISORDERLY
CRIMINAL
ASSAULT
...

WAAH!
THEY'RE
ARRESTING
MISTER
FLOPPSIE
WHOPPSIE!

NEVER
MIND
DEARS—
DADDY'LL
GET YOU
A VIDEO
INSTEAD.

A VIDEO!
GREAT!
CAN WE HAV
'ATTACK
OF THE
NINJA
CHAINSAW
CANNIBALS'?

CAN WE?
CAN WE?
CAN WE?

50-51
TORKSHIRE
POLICE

POLICE

FELNIA
FLATS
IS A



NEXT ISSUE



IT'S A
FIGHT
TO THE
FINISH!

IT'S BRAMBLE SON AGAINST

IT'S
VAMPIRE
AGAINST
HUNTER!

Michael Turner

4.21.71 - 6.27.08



Rest In Peace